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The Sketch.

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The Sketch

No. 1179.—Vol. XCI.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1915.

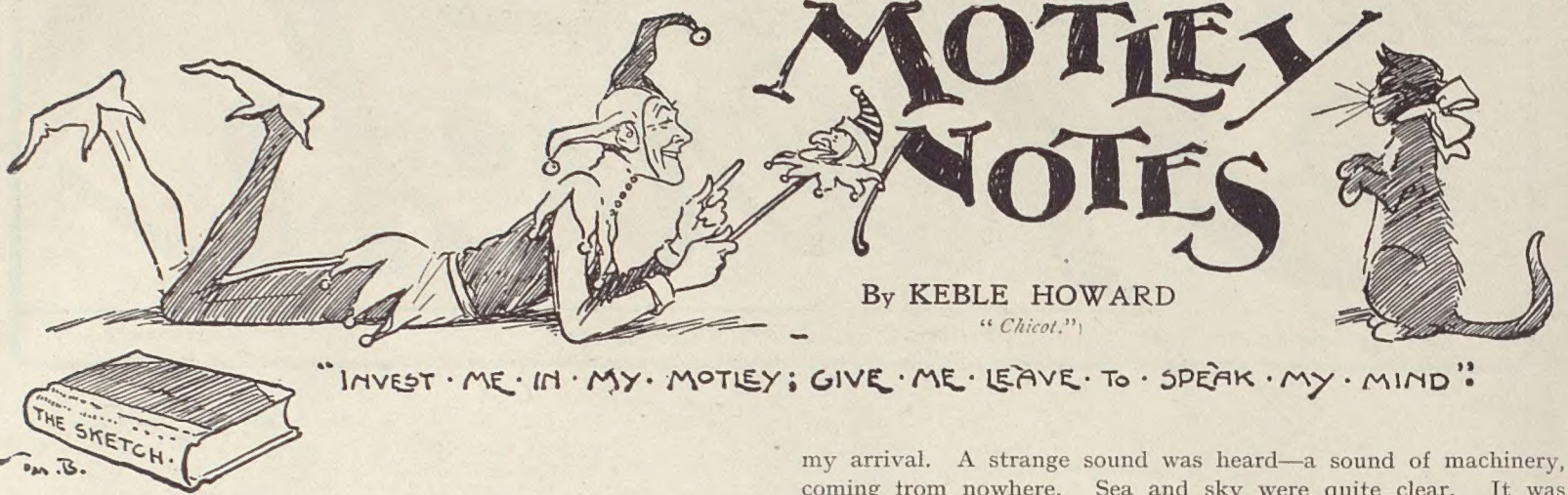
SIXPENCE.



RETURNING TO THE STAGE—TO DEVOTE HER SALARY TO THE WOUNDED: MISS LILY ELSIE,
WHO IS TO APPEAR AT HIS MAJESTY'S IN A LIGHT-HEARTED COMEDY.

There is something curiously apropos in the fact that the famous "Merry Widow" should be returning to the stage from a big-hearted desire to do something for the wounded in the terrible war which has made thousands of widows in saddest earnest. Miss Lily Elsie (Mrs. Ian Bullough) has shown characteristic kindness in agreeing to appear in Sir Herbert Tree's new production at His Majesty's, early in October, when

she will play the heroine of a "light-hearted comedy" by Mr. Louis N. Parker. Miss Lily Elsie will devote her salary to the Fund for Disabled Soldiers and Sailors, and for that reason, as well as for her charm and cleverness, may feel sure of a most cordial welcome. At present she is staying in Lincolnshire, near where her husband, Mr. Ian Bullough, is in training.—[Photograph by Rita Martin.]



The Ultimatum. "You must take a holiday," said the doctor.
"And if I don't?" said I.

"Never mind," said he.

"The lunatic asylum?" said I.

"Perhaps," said he.

"A holiday is out of the question," said I.

"Nonsense," said he.

"Nonsense yourself," said

"Why is it?" said he.

"Work," said I.

"Take it with you," said he.

"Is that a holiday?" said I.

"Better than nothing," said he.

"Where shall I go?" said I.

"Leave that to you," said he.

"Have you no suggestion?" said I.

"Anywhere a long way off," said he.

"Thanks for the compliment," said I.

"Not at all," said he.

"I knew that," said I.

In Turpin's Tracks.

And so we flung a whole lot of promiscuous things into the back of the self-propelled vehicle, and took the road to the north, following the route that Harrison Ainsworth laid down for Dick Turpin. We stopped for a few minutes at Welwyn, because there the great Tom Hennesy, "the dandy of the Stamford Regent," used to change his horses, and so on through Wades Mill, Puckeridge, Buntingford, and Royston for Huntingdon. Tyre trouble successfully overcome, we swept across Alconbury Hill to Stilton—where the cheeses were sold but not made—and so by Norman's Cross and Wansford to Stamford, where we lay that night.

I never expect to see a better-built or a cleaner or a more picturesque little English town than Stamford. Everything is of stone, and oriel windows are the rule rather than the other thing. There is a bridge—no English town is complete without a bridge—and a smooth, wide stream, and many churches that might well be cathedrals, and an inn that might well have been a baronial hall.

Up early the next morning, and over Witham Common to Grantham; through Newark, past Scarthing Moor, through Tuxford, past East Retford and Barnby Moor to Bawtry. Thence to Doncaster, and so on to York, where we lay the second night. Up early once again, and on to Durham, where I drank beer out of a tankard—a feat I had not performed for several years. More tyre trouble—very serious this time—and at last on again to the Border.

In the Zeppelin Country.

Now I am across the Border, in a little fishing village on the East Coast some forty to fifty miles south of Edinburgh. I do not know whether it is quite the place that the doctor had in his mind, but it is prettier than the majority of pictures, and quite unspoiled by the dressy holiday-maker. Every morning we fight for the papers at the village shop, and every night we walk along the walls of the little harbour and look to sea for strange and hostile lights.

There was a fearful scare in the village on the morning after

my arrival. A strange sound was heard—a sound of machinery, coming from nowhere. Sea and sky were quite clear. It was an intermittent sound. I heard it myself. All the village heard it. Men, women, and children, they assembled on the harbour walls. They gazed out to sea and they gazed into the heavens. Nothing; but the strange sound—an entirely foreign sound—continued. The doors of the lifeboat-house were flung open, that all might be in readiness. The coastguard was spoken on the telephone. Little children slipped their tiny fists into the hands of their mothers. The small community held its breath and waited, bravely, for whatever might befall.

And then somebody discovered the source of the noise. It was my typewriter.

The Poor Pessimists!

We had a great night when the news of the Russian victory in the Baltic came to hand, but we felt sorry for the pessimists. It seemed so sad for them. Just as they were getting away with a real bad bit of news—the fall of Warsaw—just as they were chewing this dainty morsel with the keenest joy, and predicting all sorts of other dainty morsels to follow, along came this preposterous sinking of Dreadnoughts, and cruisers, and torpedo-boats, all belonging to Germany. It seemed too bad. It seemed as though Pessimism might have to go out of business altogether. It seemed as though there might—whisper it!—be a *Chance* for the *Allies*!

We retired to our cottages and sobbed for the poor Pessimists!

"Ernie and Emma."

A naval correspondent sends me the following. He calls it a triolet, but I have forgotten all about triolets and their tiresome rules. The barges *Ernie* and *Emma* were sunk by the Turks in the bed of the Tigris near Kurna, traditionally the Garden of Eden; they were blown up by the British during the advance up river.

That is his little prelude. Here is his little "triolet"—

Ernie and Emma
They thought it no shame
In one bed to lie,
Ernie and Emma.
With Eden close by
Was Tigris to blame?
He thought it no shame,
Ernie and Emma.

Answers to Correspondents.

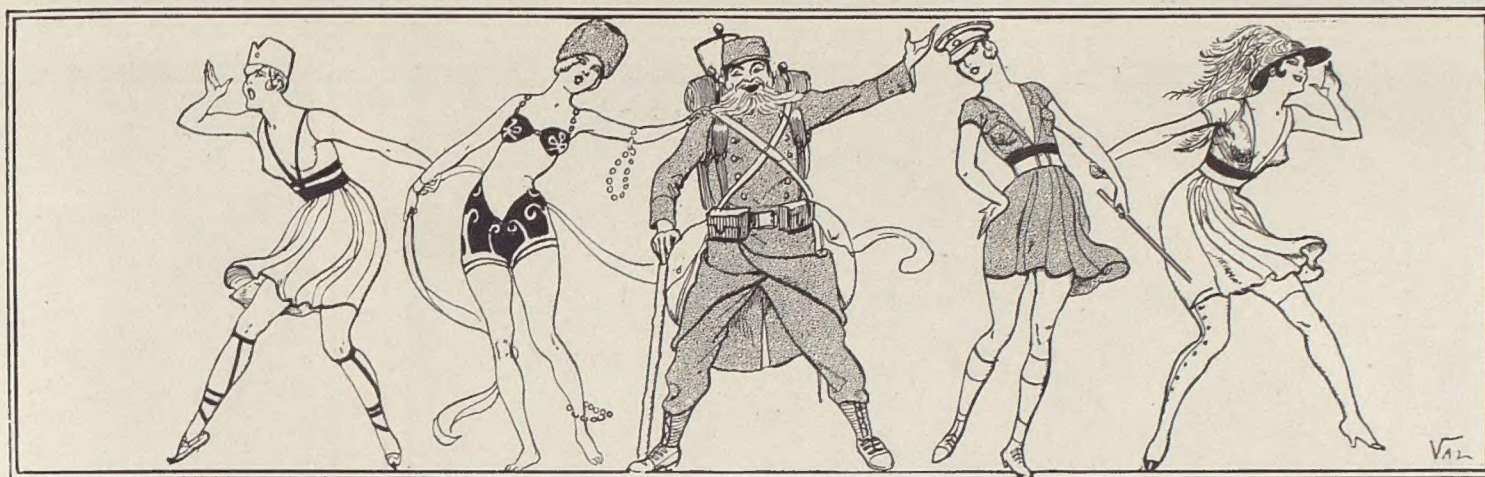
DESMOND.—Your nicely written essay on international politics to hand. We should be glad to know how your grandmother progresses in the difficult task, which you would so cheerfully undertake to teach her, of sucking eggs. In the meantime, in order that we may place you in the right Class, will you kindly answer the following questions—

(a) Your age last birthday.

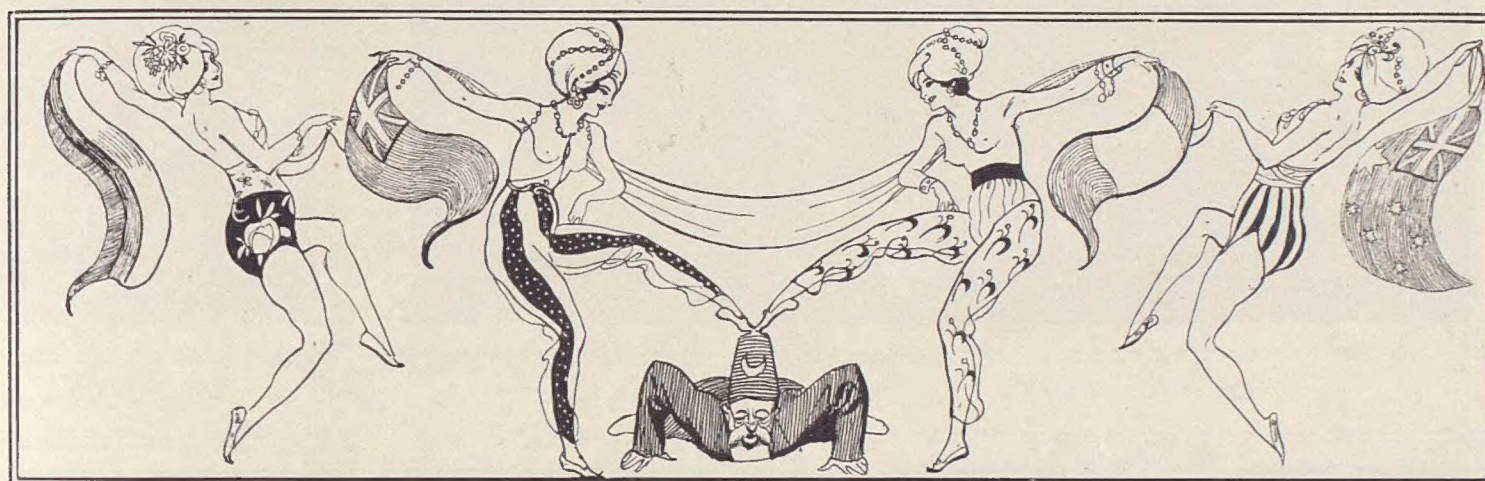
(b) The name of your favourite newspaper.

E. H. T.—Many thanks for your kind letter, and the coloured print of the poor sufferer enjoying the luxury of a bed-table. We are out of bed at the moment, and hope to remain out of it for some little time to come. But the picture is engraven on our heart, and the address of the maker on our memory-tablets.

VANITIES OF VALDÈS: "WAR" IN PARIS REVUES.



THE SINGING OF "ON LES AURA!"



AN ORIENTAL INTERLUDE.



DRESSES OF AN EARLIER WAR - PERIOD.

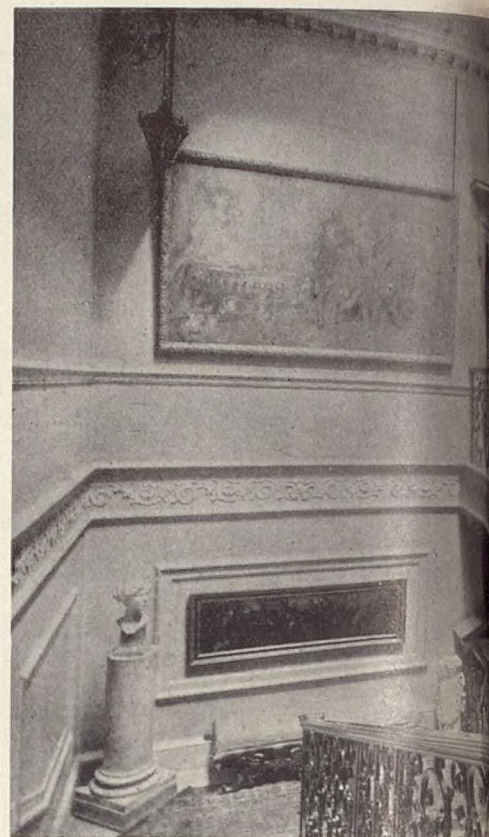


WELLINGTON AND CAMBRONNE—AND SOME OTHERS.

A CENTRE OF LIGHT AND LEADING: THE LONDON



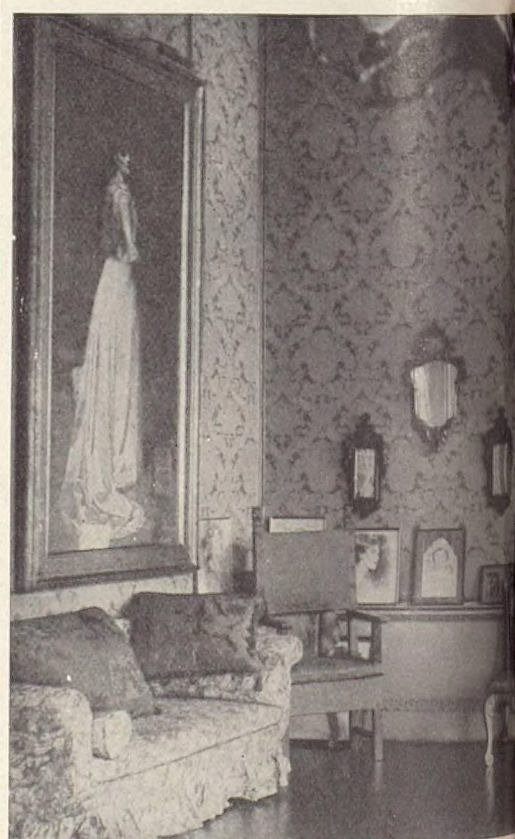
"I AM FOR WHOLE VOLUMES IN FOLIO": THE LIBRARY, OR DUKE'S ROOM.



A HANDSOME APPROACH TO HANDSOME SALON.



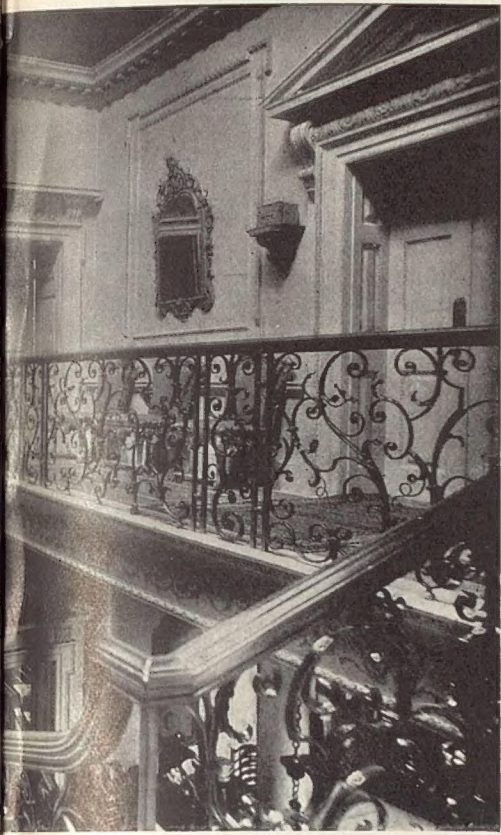
THE DUCHESS'S SANCTUM: THE DUCHESS OF RUTLAND'S BOUDOIR.



A RENDEZVOUS OF ART AND ARISTOCRACY

The Duke and Duchess of Rutland, and their three beautiful daughters, are amongst the most striking personalities in London Society, and the hospitality of 16, Arlington Street, Piccadilly, and stately Belvoir Castle, has passed into a proverb. More than common tall, the Duke and Duchess were for years conspicuous, as the Marquess and Marchioness of Granby, at all important *premieres* at the Opera or theatre. The Duke is the son and successor of the seventh holder of the title, who, as Lord John Manners, was so well known as Postmaster-General in the 'eighties. Lord John Manners, afterwards seventh Duke of Rutland, was one of the kindest as well as most dignified of great noblemen, and his son, the present Duke, has inherited these

HOME OF THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF RUTLAND.



THE STAIRCASE, 16, ARLINGTON STREET, W.



A HOME OF HOSPITALITY: THE DINING-ROOM, 16, ARLINGTON STREET.



THE DRAWING-ROOM, 16, ARLINGTON STREET.



DIGNITY AND COMFORT: THE HALL OF No. 16, ARLINGTON STREET.

qualities. The Duchess of Rutland is a daughter of the late Colonel the Hon. Charles Hugh Lindsay, C.B., third son of the twenty-fourth Earl of Crawford, and, with her daughters, Lady Victoria (now Marchioness of Anglesey), Lady Violet (now Lady Elcho), and Lady Diana, has played an important part in that aesthetic reformation, or revolution, which has been one of the most marked features of social life during the past two decades. The London home of the Duke and Duchess, in Arlington Street, of which we give some photographs, has long been beautiful in itself, and a centre of the cult of beauty in every form of art and life.—[Photographs by H. N. King.]



SCIENCE AND SOLDIERS: THE MILITARY ENGINEER AND HIS WORK: VAUBAN AND TODLEBEN.

The Fortress of the Future.

A question that every military engineer must be turning over in his mind now is, what is the fortress of the future to be like—if, indeed, in the future, there will be any fortresses at all? The big guns of the Austrians and the Germans have very definitely proved that the fortifications of yesterday cannot resist the big guns of to-day, and something other than the great masses of earth and masonry must be found if the defence is ever again to be able to resist the attack.

A Problem for Engineers.

I fancy, however, that tracts of fortified land will take the place of what we know as fortresses, and that there will be nothing in these fortified tracts that will catch the attention of scouting airmen until the advancing foe suddenly finds himself checked. Depressions in the ground are likely to be made use of for concealment, and big guns travelling on railway lines will suddenly appear to counter the shot and shell of the attacking guns, the defending guns changing their positions whenever an attempt is made to destroy them. The German method of concentrating enormous masses of metal against

war progresses, Germany's squandering of her men will begin to tell. The Kaiser is staking all his resources at the present time in the hope of bringing the war to a close before the end of this year. Next spring he will probably say to Hindenburg, in imitation of a greater man: "Oh, Varro, Varro, give me back my legions!"

Vauban.

It will be interesting to see whether Russia will produce a second Todleben. Todleben and Vauban are the two great military engineers that Europe has produced. Vauban, who died a Marshal of France, began life a lad so poor that when first offered a commission he refused it because of the expense of living as an officer. Eventually he was given a commission, and ran up the ladder of promotion very rapidly. He invented various systems for the defence and the attack of fortresses, and when I learned the A.B.C. of soldiering, very many years ago, the various systems of defence laid down by Vauban were amongst the things I had to study. Vauban's attack, by parallels, with zig-zag communications, in the end beat his system of defence, and he himself took the strong fortress of Old



A TURN UNDER THE STARS: DANCING AFTER DINNER IN THE ROOF-GARDEN OF A NEW YORK HOTEL.

As, of course, the readers of "The Sketch" are well aware, the roof-garden, with its restaurant, forms one of the most attractive and popular features which find place in—or, strictly and literally speaking, on—various up-to-date hotels of New York, as well as in other of the leading cities across the Atlantic. Their musical entertainments,

also, prove a great "draw" for diners-out in general, as well as for the resident guests, and for British and other foreign visitors to the States going their nightly rounds to see something of the characteristic "life" of the city on its lighter recreative side.—[Photograph by L.N.A.]

one sector after another of the defence would not be nearly so effective if all the guns of the defence were moved out of that sector during the bombardment. However, the problem is one for engineers, and for engineers only.

"Give Me Back My Legions."

For the period of this war it seems likely that whenever any army brings up a large number of big guns against a fortress that fortress will fall within a fortnight. Przemyśl, besieged by the Russians, is not a case in point, for the Russians were in no great hurry to take the city, and thought more of saving the lives of their own men and conserving their ammunition than of the effect that the fall of the fortress would have on public opinion. When the Germans attacked Antwerp and Kovno and Novo Georgievsk, it was essential, for political purposes, that these fortresses should be battered down in the shortest time possible. An immense amount of ammunition was expended by the Germans against Kovno, and their losses in the storming of the battered forts are to be counted by tens of thousands. A sensational coup was necessary to impress Greece and the Balkan States, and to the Kaiser and his Generals the lives of their men are mere counters in playing the game of war. Wellington, when he heard of Marshal Beresford's victory at Albuera and the cost of British lives at which it had been gained, remarked that such a victory was little better than a defeat, and even Germany, with her enormous reserves of men, must feel severely the losses of her victorious advance in Poland. As the

Breisach, the siege of which was his last one, in a fortnight. In his declining years, Vauban, very imprudently, meddled in politics, and a book he had written on Taxation was suppressed by order of the King. This broke his heart. Napoleon gave him posthumous honour, for his heart was deposited in the church of the Invalides, where Napoleon himself now rests.

Todleben.

Todleben had entirely different ideas from those of Vauban. Vauban reduced the attack and the defence to complicated problems of mathematics; Todleben believed that a fortress should be an entrenched position, and that any fortifications should be such that they could be altered to meet the changing circumstances of the defence. His great triumph was the defence of Sevastopol against the French and ourselves. Sevastopol was very strongly fortified on the sea side, but almost unprotected on the land side. Acting on Todleben's advice, the Russians sank their fleet across the mouth of the harbour and transferred the guns of the ships to the works that Todleben improvised on the land side. New works were continually springing up in front of our trenches, and the hastily fortified city proved an exceedingly hard nut to crack to the armies who were besieging it on the principles laid down by Vauban. When the Russian reverse before Plevna occurred, Todleben was brought to the front once again, and it was by the defender of Sevastopol that Osman Pasha was eventually defeated. Todleben, when the Turks had been defeated, became the Commander-in-Chief of the Russian armies.

FEELING SMALL !



↑
PORTRAIT OF A PESSIMIST.

(SUPPORTED BY HIS OWN IDEA OF JOHN BULL !)

DRAWN BY ALFRED LEETE.



LADY Gwendoline Churchill has been sitting for her portrait—to Winston. The idea that he is devoting his artistic talents to dew-ponds among the Sussex Downs is quite wide of the mark. Landscape-painting is all very well in its way, but to be alone with a palette in the scenery is not the surest way of finding distraction from thoughts of the Dardanelles and of the Admiralty. If the dew-pond goes wrong, Gallipoli creeps back again on to the mental horizon, which is exactly what Mr. Churchill doesn't want it to do. He determined to take a complete holiday from the pre-occupations of the past year, and portraiture has been the way out. Other ladies of his family have supported his experiments with the brush. His sitters include Lady Gwendoline, Mrs. Churchill, and Miss Nellie

Hozier—all three of them particularly paintable. Miss Hozier, his sister-in-law, has her own need for distraction. As with all ambulance-workers, there are things in the back of her mind she would rather not bring into the light, if she can help it. To watch Mr. Churchill attack his canvas, or to argue the points of a likeness with him, is as good a way as any other of forgetting the unforgettable—for the time being.

Lieutenant-Talk. "Nothing to write home about" is a



A NOTABLE RECRUIT FOR THE AIR SERVICE: THE HON. ANTHONY SCHOMBERG BYNG.

Mr. Anthony Byng is a son of the Earl of Strafford, by his second marriage, with the daughter of the late Admiral Lord Frederic Kerr. Mr. Byng has been gazetted as Flight Sub-Lieutenant, for temporary service with the Naval Wing.

Photograph by C.N.

saying born of present conditions. The soldier with home letters on his mind uses it, say, if the mess beef is no great catch, or if

cancelled it is "a wash-out." In the world of Lieutenants all fiascos are "wash-outs." They generally crop up at meal-time, and never seem to do the regiment any particular harm.



HON. TREASURER OF THE "GREAT BRITAIN TO POLAND FUND": MR. EVELEIGH NASH.

The unhappy condition of many thousands of the Poles and their urgent need of help are not sufficiently realised. The sufferings of many Polish families are acute, and the "Great Britain to Poland Fund" is doing benevolent work in a direction that has been comparatively overlooked. The Hon. Treasurer, Mr. Eveleigh Nash, the well-known publisher, collected £20,000 in twelve weeks. Much more, however, is urgently needed. Contributions sent to Mr. Nash, at the Berkeley Hotel, Piccadilly, W., will be gratefully acknowledged.

Photograph by Dover Street Studios.

Lord H. of D. The appointment of Lord Hamilton of Dalzell, of the Reserve of Officers, to the personal staff is in all ways appropriate. Lord Hamilton of Dalzell is a man of experience in war, in politics, and at Court. Although he was white-haired at forty, he is by no means elderly. Part of his success in Society is due to the unfailing briskness of his humour and unflagging good spirits. Only once or twice in his life has he been downcast. His excuse on one occasion was good enough. Lying awake in his tent on the veldt during the Boer War, he heard his name called—out of the darkness in the strangely disturbing accents of his father, who was in England. Later he found that his father's death had occurred at that same hour in Scotland.

Good-bye, Piccadilly!

Members of the Cavalry Club are always rather sorry for them-

selves at the notion of an exchange; they say good-bye to Piccadilly with the reluctance of men who are very well suited. Their house is not overbig, but it has a style of its own; and it takes a member who is growing a little stiff in his joints and prepossessions a week or two to settle down into the hospitable arm-



A NOTABLE RECRUIT FOR THE AIR SERVICE: THE HON. GILBERT DE ST. CROIX ROLLO.

Mr. Gilbert de St. Croix Rollo is the youngest son of Baron Rollo, and married, in 1904, Miss Margaret Antrobus, and they have three sons and a daughter. Mr. Rollo has recently been gazetted as Flight Sub-Lieutenant for temporary service with the Naval Wing.

Photograph by C.N.



MARRIED ON AUGUST 27: MRS. V. B. MOLTENO.

Mrs. Molteno (formerly Mrs. Ethel Manwaring Swanston) daughter of Mr. Herbert Manwaring Robertson, of Alice Holt, near Farnham, was married, on Aug. 27, at the Chapel Royal, Savoy, to Captain Molteno, R.N. Captain Vincent Barkly Molteno is the ninth son of the late Sir John Molteno, K.C.M.G.—Lieutenant Algernon W. Strickland, Royal Gloucestershire

Photographs by Barnett, Swaine, and Sarony.



MARRIED ON AUGUST 27: CAPTAIN V. B. MOLTENO.



ENGAGED TO LADY MARY CHARTERIS: LIEUT. A. W. STRICKLAND.

Hussars Yeomanry, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. Strickland, Appleby Court, Tewkesbury, is engaged to Lady Mary Charteris, second daughter of the Earl and Countess of Wemyss.—Miss Sylvia Furber is the eldest daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Edward Furber, of Welbeck Street, and is engaged to Captain F. H. McLeod Young, 1st Battalion, Gloucestershire Regiment.



ENGAGED TO CAPTAIN F. H. M. LEOD YOUNG: MISS SYLVIA FURBER.

he is not overwhelmed by the charm of the commanding officer. Stronger than "nothing to write home about" is a phrase borrowed from the signaller. When a message has gone all wrong and is

chairs of the Junior United Service or the charming Orleans. But the Cavalry is by no means a club of veterans, and the members who may have really been a little disconcerted are but few.

FASHIONS AND FEMININITY: SNAPSHOTS OF THE MOMENT.



A LADY IN JODHPORE BREECHES: MISS CLYDE McLELLAN, OF CHICAGO.



THE ONLY FRENCH WOMAN-CORPORAL: Mlle. JEANNE PROVOST, SHOWING HER STRIPES.



WIFE OF THE CONQUEROR OF GERMAN SOUTH-WEST AFRICA: MRS. LOUIS BOTHA.



DAUGHTERS OF A GENERAL AND FRIENDS OF THE WOUNDED: LADY HAIG'S CHILDREN IN RED CROSS DRESS.

At a recent show of fashions in Midway Gardens, Chicago, Miss Clyde McLellan's riding-costume caused much interest: she wore "Jodhpore" breeches.—The distinguished actress, Mlle. Jeanne Provost, who is appearing at the London Coliseum, is the only woman Corporal in the French Army; she is very proud of her stripes, which are the well-won recognition of eight months devoted to the work of cheering up wounded soldiers in the base-hospitals close to the firing-line.—Mrs. Louis Botha is the wife of the Right Hon. Louis Botha, P.C., Premier of the Union of South

Africa, General in the British Army, and loyal friend of the Empire. This portrait of Mrs. Botha was taken on the occasion of her last visit to England.—Miss Victoria and Miss Alexandra Haig, and their pet, have been making friends with a number of wounded who are being entertained at their uncle's beautiful Cornish seat, Glynn, near Bodmin. Lady Haig, it will be remembered, is the sister of Lord Vivian, the owner of Glynn, and was Maid of Honour to Queen Victoria and Queen Alexandra; hence the names of her daughters.

Photograph No. 1, by Topical; Nos. 2 and 4 by L.N.A.; No. 3, by Ellis and Walery.

WEDDING NEWS: MILITARY AND NAVAL ENGAGEMENTS.



TO MARRY LIEUTENANT NELSON ROOKE:
MISS TERRACINA DOBIE.



TO MARRY LIEUTENANT P. HUBERT BOULNOIS,
R.N.: MISS LUCY IOASE



TO MARRY LIEUTENANT W. P. HAVILAND:
MISS BERYL MARION DURAND.



TO MARRY CAPTAIN HAROLD FLEMING: THE
HON. CLARE BINGHAM.



TO MARRY LIEUTENANT ESMÉ C. WINGFIELD-
STRATFORD: MISS BARBARA E. ERRINGTON.



TO MARRY SECOND LIEUTENANT CECIL C. H.
COMYNS: MISS MOLLY ROBINSON.



TO MARRY CAPTAIN JULIAN NATHAN: MISS
FERIDAH A. M. WHELER.



TO MARRY LIEUTENANT FREDERIC J. MORGAN:
MISS PHYLLIS EDWINA WINDSOR.



TO MARRY SECOND LIEUT. GEORGE CARTER
EVELEGH: MISS DIANA BRENDA BERNEY.

Miss Dobie is daughter of Dr. J. R. Dobie, of Teddington. Lieutenant Nelson Rooke Suffolk Regiment, is son of the late Dibney Rooke and Mrs. Oswald de Chair.—Miss Boase is daughter of the late William Lindsay Boase and Mrs. Boase, of Dundee. Lieutenant Boulnois, R.N., is son of Mr. and Mrs. Percy Boulnois, Evelyn Mansions.—Miss Durand is daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Edward Durand, C.B., and Lady Durand. Lieutenant Haviland is in the Princess Louise's (Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders).—The Hon. Clare Bingham is daughter of the Earl and Countess of Clanmorris. Captain Fleming, King's Dragoon Guards, is son of the late Colonel Fleming, R.A.—Miss Errington is daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel Errington and the Hon. Mrs. Errington, York Terrace. Lieutenant Wingfield-Stratford, West Kent

Regiment, is son of Brigadier-General and Mrs. Cecil Wingfield-Stratford.—Miss Robinson is daughter of the Rev. H. E. Robinson, Whitchurch Rectory, Edgware. Second Lieutenant Comyns, A.S.C., is son of Mr. and Mrs. C. Harling Comyns, Bushey Heath.—Miss Wheler is daughter of the late Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Edward Wheler and Lady Wheler, Wilbury Avenue, Hove. Captain Nathan is in the Royal Sussex Regiment.—Miss Windsor is daughter of the late Edwin Windsor, of Liverpool, and Mrs. Windsor, Hoylake. Lieutenant Morgan, Norfolk Regiment, is son of the Rev. E. A. Morgan, Welbourne Rectory, Norfolk.—Miss Berney is daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. F. Berney, Wimbledon. Second Lieutenant Eveleigh, Seaforth Highlanders, is son of the late Mr. Bonham-Carter Eveleigh, and Mrs. Bonham-Carter Eveleigh, Alexandra Court, Queen's Gate.

WITH TUFTERS AND PACK: THE DEVON AND SOMERSET.



ON THE WAY TO THE MEET: SIDNEY TUCKER BRINGING THE PACK THROUGH THE FIRS.



CROSSING THE WATER: SPLASHING THROUGH THE HADDES.



WAITING: WATCHING THE TUFTERS AT WORK FROM THE CREST OF THE HILL.



CALLING THE TUFTERS: THE HUNTSMAN AND WHIP AT THE STABLES.



THE HUNTSMAN: SIDNEY TUCKER, WITH THE PACK.



THE SECRETARY AND ACTING-MASTER: MR. H. G. THORNTON.

Although the fields are conspicuously depleted of followers owing to the war, where so many officers are hunting bigger game than the stags of Devon and Somerset, hunting is still in vogue, and the meet of the Devon and Somerset Stag Hounds at Haddon Hill the other day drew a considerable company, ladies forming a conspicuous feature of the meet. The hounds were in good condition, and our photographs give an idea of the picturesque country hunted. The huntsman bringing the pack through the firs will

call up visions of many a good run to men in the trenches, and the line of followers, horse and foot, watching the "tufters" at work rousing the deer will stimulate their memories of open-air life at home. Mr. H. G. Thornton, the Secretary and Acting-Master, received many congratulations on the condition of the pack. The "tufters" are the three or four couples of hounds with which the huntsman starts off to rouse the deer. They should have good tongues and be particularly fast.

Photographs by Sport and General.



GENERAL SIR SAM HUGHES.

THE knighting of Sir Samuel Hughes is a compliment to the soldiers of Canada, and to a very competent Canadian militarist. That Canada has an army, and that its army is in France at the present moment, are facts all in accordance with Imperial ideals; but the Imperialism that is able to express itself in terms of a vast number of men equipped for foreign service, and put into the field within quite a short time of the declaration of war, is a very different thing from the Imperialism that is put upon paper. It has required the Imperialist to carry it through—the Imperialist who is also a practical man and combative. Such a one is Sir Samuel Hughes.

The Great Scrap. "When the great scrap comes I'll be in it, and you won't," he used to say, long ago, to young men who felt disinclined for the trouble of getting ready. He little guessed, perhaps, that the scrap would be on a scale large enough to include everybody, or that it would last long enough to give the most backward patriot an innings before the end. For himself, he never ran the risk of being caught out of training. At the age of thirteen he entered the active Militia of his province.

Some of the Medals. Thirteen is young enough, in all conscience; and yet not too young, as it happened. If he hadn't taken his rifle so seriously as a boy he would not have been let into the first grown-up scrap open to Canadians of his generation—the Fenian Raids of 1870. They are trivial enough to look back on, and Sir Sam often smiles at the way in which the skirmishing on Trout River has been magnified into a battle by the camp-fire historians of the Dominion. He won his medal then with hardly more bloodshed than he won his Jubilee Medal in 1897.

Table-Turning. That affair of raids was only forty-five years ago; and the enemy consisted of haphazard bands of ill-conditioned Irish exiles. It was only forty-five years ago, and yet Canada could not deal with the situation off her own bat. A quite little English army went to her assistance and helped to fight her battles. The tables are indeed turned. Sir Samuel has helped to turn them. He has consistently insisted on calling England's quarrels his own and Canada's. To the squeamish pacifist he may seem to have gone to extremes. Whenever there was war or rumour of war he was on the spot with his offer of men. The German Chancellor might well point to him as an awful example of the bellicose Imperialist. "Imperial Wars" is Sir Samuel's own favourite phrase. He waited for them with the patience of Job, and prepared for them with untiring and hopeful industry.

Other Wars.

When the Egyptian and Soudanese campaigns were in the making he made the accustomed offers. The same thing happened when the Afghan War was waged, and he himself served in the Boer War of 1899-1900, and was mentioned in despatches for various items of distinguished service. Only two years before he had carried his own life-long campaign into Australia and New Zealand, touring more than a continent for the congenial purpose of arguing the wisdom, duty, and satisfaction of Colonial participation on Imperial battle-grounds.

The British-Canadian.

Born in Darlington, Co. Durham, Ontario, sixty-two years ago, he has always belonged, lock, stock, and barrel, to the British life of Canada. His career in the Dominion Parliament flourished most abundantly after the defeat of Sir Wilfrid Laurier and after the triumph of British as against French political supremacy. Of Scotch-Irish-Huguenot descent, his prepossessions were always of a most pronounced order. A member of the Orange Order, a Mason, a Methodist, and a Conservative, he had little or no sympathy with the religious powers that be in Quebec. But now, on the fields of France, he is learning a new liberalism and a good deal more about the French character and point of view than he had the patience to acquire in his own country.

Occupations and a Pre-occupation.

With a versatility characteristic of the New World, Sir Samuel has been an editor as well as a soldier and a politician; he has been twice married, and has won fame as the promoter and practitioner of amateur athletics. Most surprising of all, he has lectured in English literature at Toronto. In other words, he has been an eminent man of peace, but always with a pre-occupation. The possibility of war has never been out of sight. "When the great scrap comes, I'll be in it," he has asserted

from first to last. He is in it, with a larger army of compatriots round about him than any of the prophets could have believed possible ten years ago. He is in it in exactly the way that he has bargained for—as a sort of Minister on active service, the super-conductor and editor-in-chief of a whole army of Canadians. The Dominion is on tour, and he must in some sort be looked upon as one looks upon the manager of a champion football team—a man who is having the time of his life because his team is at the top of its form, and fulfilling all the expectations he has nursed in secret and all the hopes he has proclaimed from the house-tops.



A FAMOUS CANADIAN HONOURED BY THE KING: MAJOR-GENERAL SIR SAM HUGHES, K.C.B.

The splendid work by which Canada has manifested its loyalty in this critical moment in the fortunes of the Empire was recognised by the King, on Aug. 24, by his reception of Major-General Sam Hughes, Canadian Minister of Militia and Defence, and the conferring upon him of the honour of Knighthood, his Majesty investing him with the insignia of a Knight Commander of the Order of the Bath (Civil Division). Colonel the Hon. Sir Samuel Hughes is an Irishman by extraction, born in Darlington, Co. Durham, Ontario, in 1853, son of John Hughes, a native of Tyrone. Member of Parliament and Minister of Militia and Defence, he has done much loyal service to the Empire in various directions, and served with distinction in the South African War, 1899-1900, being mentioned several times in despatches. He is also serving loyally and ably in the present war.

Photograph by Topical.

A ZOUAVE REVUE AT THE FRONT: STAGE AND AUDIENCE.



1. "THE GERMAN UNIFORMS WORN BY THE ACTORS WERE TAKEN AT THE POINT OF THE BAYONET": A GALLANT COMPANY WHOSE PROGRAMME NOTES WERE MORE THRILLING THAN IS USUAL.

The dramatic instinct makes itself felt even on active service. The other day we heard of a khaki performance of "Hamlet" at the front. Here is a French counterpart in a lighter vein, a revue arranged and played by the "2^e. bis" regiment of Zouaves, somewhere in France. The Zouaves did it all themselves—wrote the book (which was extremely witty), acted it, and supplied scenery and orchestra. Naturally, the Kaiser and his troops were the principal object of satire. The whole thing went with a bang,

2. WITH A FRENCH GENERAL AND DISTINGUISHED OFFICERS—FRENCH, BRITISH, BELGIAN, AND RUSSIAN—IN THE FRONT ROW OF THE STALLS: THE AUDIENCE.

and even the programme had its thrill, with a note mentioning that the German costumes had been taken at the point of the bayonet. One performance was honoured by the presence of General Hély d'Oissel, his chief of staff, and other officers, British, and Belgian, and one Russian. It may be recalled that, in the Crimea, the Second Zouaves ran a famous theatre. In the present war, General Gouraud organised a theatrical show at the Château de Han, before he went to the Dardanelles.

Photographs by L.E.A.



CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER



TO MARRY LIEUT. DARWIN D'ABO : MISS CLAUDIA RUSSELL CHASE - MORRIS.

Miss Morris is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. Chase-Morris, late of Wellington, New Zealand. Lieutenant d'Abo is in the Royal Fusiliers, and is the eldest son of the late Mr. H. d'Abo, of Limsfield, Surrey.—[Photograph by *Suzanne*.]

should set a lot of people moving. It is not everybody's work by any means, but there are people who, without being Quakers, feel that their sphere of usefulness probably lies right away from ambulances and hospitals. To set a homeless family on its feet, to attend to the very young or very old, to make it possible, with monetary assistance, for relatives to get to each other, and establish themselves in a suitable environment, to provide clothing and fuel, pots and pans, and other domestic utensils for homes laid bare by warfare—such are the things that necessarily make up somebody's job, if the somebody at home only knew it, and how to get at it.

Another Engagement.

Mr. Ian Leslie Melville's marriage proves again that the war is a very ineffective distraction from matrimony. Like both his brothers, the Earl of Leven and Melville (severely wounded some months ago) and Mr. David Leslie-Melville, Ian is a soldier; he is, moreover, only twenty-one. But instead of being content with a long engagement and a wedding "after the war," things have been specially speeded up. The alliance is all Scotch, the lady being Miss Chattie Stirling, of Ross-shire.—Is it another case of what is called "Lovat first sight"? Lord Leven and Melville belongs to the Scots Greys, and has been too much preoccupied with soldiering to marry; but his younger brothers, both of Lovat's Scouts, have each taken a wife upon coming of age. Lord Lovat himself was an older man when he met Miss Laura Lister, but there was something entirely youthful in the precipitate way in which he sought and won her hand, and his Yeomanry have a name for equal dash and daring in the two fields of love and war.

The Aberdeen Lord and Young Men. Lady Aberdeen are grieving the loss of yet another

MRS. ASQUITH has joined the economists, but it does not follow that dress-reform is part of her scheme. On the contrary, her recent appearances in London have been a sort of challenge to the fashionable contingent that is trying to be unfashionable. Mrs. Asquith spends so much time within ear-shot of the two-sided discussion of all social problems that she is incapable of lightly waging a campaign injurious to a large body of workers. She would have all her favourite Downing Street table-talkers, and Anthony, and her own common-sense against her if she did.

Lady Teynham's Return.

Lady Teynham is back, and the things she can tell of work done and to be done for stricken civilians in the war zone



A BEAUTIFUL BELGIAN NOW RESIDENT HERE : MME. KOCH DE GOOREYND.

Mme. Koch de Gooreynd and her husband have suffered at the hands of the German invaders, and, their residence near Antwerp being occupied by the enemy, they have taken Hampton Lodge, near Farnham. M. and Mme. de Gooreynd have two sons at Farnham.

Photograph by E. O. Hoppe.

friend. Captain Johnston, killed in the Gulf of Saros, was Private Secretary at Viceregal Lodge, and, like other Aberdeen young men, found that his place in the household was tantamount to a place in the family. He is the sixth of Lord Aberdeen's A.D.C.s to lose his life in the last twelve months.



TO MARRY MAJOR WILLIAM ROSS DE WEND FENTON : MISS M. C. M. DUNN.

Miss Dunn is the only daughter of Brigadier-General and Mrs. R. H. Dunn, of Althrey, Flintshire. Major de Wend Fenton, of Underbank Hall, Yorkshire, is in the Lancashire Hussars, and is the second son of the late William Fenton de Wend Fenton, and Mrs. de Wend Fenton, of Chilton House, Hungerford.

Photograph by Langfrier.

many. For one volunteer to have more than the equivalent of a large family to look after would mean that the niceties of her task would be neglected. The proper thing is to have only one adopted prisoner, to make the most of him, and to chance the consequences when he comes home.

From Stratford Place.

Lady Victoria Herbert writes about her prisoners from No. 5, Stratford Place, where she lives within easy reach of her brother, Lord Carnarvon, in Berkeley Square, and in pleasant proximity to Derby House. She has endless relatives in the great "scrap," and her half-brother was wounded quite at the beginning of things last year. The virtue of her scheme, however, has nothing to do with friends and relatives as they now exist: you've got to find a new brother among the unknown Tommies quartered at Guben, Sprottau, or Crossen. Sympathy, to-day, has to look far afield.

Lady Victoria Herbert's Scheme.

Lady Victoria Herbert has hit upon the only good plan for looking after the creature comforts of British prisoners in Germany. She and her friends are adopting them; and she wants other Englishwomen to do the same. Every prisoner knows the difference it makes if he is remembered personally by somebody at home instead of being lumped with the crowd as a recipient of general charity. In that case he takes what is given him; if he wants marmalade he is apt to get a tooth-brush; or if he wants socks, as likely as not he gets a chest-protector. And none of these things, even if he wants them, is as precious as the sense of having a friend.

"My Prisoner." Under Lady Victoria Herbert's scheme, a prisoner's requisitions receive personal attention, and he hears by letter what to expect in his next parcel. If he does not receive the things he is entitled to, there is some sort of basis for inquiry and restitution. Until Lady Victoria's suggestion is taken up on a large scale, only a handful of prisoners will benefit. It is not a case in which a few women can do the work of



SELECTED TO THROW BOMBS BEFORE THE KING : SECOND LIEUTENANT L. R. ELLIOTT.

On Aug. 19, during their visit to Aldershot, the King and Queen witnessed the throwing of bombs, as practised in the war. Second Lieutenant Elliott, 9th Service Battalion, Border Regiment, who can throw 2 lb. bombs forty-five yards with ease, was specially selected to show his prowess at Long Valley, before their Majesties.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.

THE TRENCH(ER)MEN.



THE VOLUNTEER (to the other Volunteer): Perfectly absurd making these trenches so narrow—impossible for two men to pass.

DRAWN BY A. WALLIS MILLS.



By CARMEN OF COCKAYNE.

For the Young and Very Young Person.

these are some of the features which characterise clothes designed for the nursery and the school-room of to-day. Fashion's domain is wide as human life, and her activities are by no means confined to that portion of womenkind who are popularly supposed to have reached years of discretion. Flapperdom owns her sway; babydom, with bored indifference, accepts her ever-varying decrees; little girlhood takes a lively interest in them. "Anything will do," was the principle upon which parents of a bygone generation dressed their unfortunate off-spring. To Jane Eyre her garments were a source of poignant woe. Countless Victorian pre-débutantes have shed tears over the hideous effects of a "stuff" dress. There never was a theory more utterly astray from the truth than the one which laid it down as a principle that children did not care about their clothes. On the contrary, children are particularly sensitive about dress. Their instinct for the right thing may be undeveloped, but their sense of the wrong is unerring.



"Depends for its success on a whole regiment of buttons."

Fancies for Miss Flapper.

Flapper fashions have, like all other fashions, been affected by the war. The "picture" frock for the time being has been eclipsed. Perky ruches and ruffles, puffs and flounces, are temporarily laid aside as inconsistent with the spirit of the times. The "party frock" is rather plainer than heretofore, and the passion for utility may be traced in the severely simple tailor-mades which represent the prevailing mode for the inhabitants of the schoolroom. It is, of course, necessary that these tailor-mades should be perfectly cut and tailored. The flapper of thirteen or fourteen is often quite embarrassingly particular on these points, and shows a wholly unsuspected knowledge of "flare" and the importance of "line" and all the other essentials which contribute to the perfect costume.

War Time Influence.

At Rowe's, in New Bond Street, the latest ideas in juvenile clothes find expression in concrete form. Dolores' sketch on the right shows a smart model carried out in serge and possessing the two cardinal virtues required to-day — smartness and practicality. For school wear it is ideal. Short-skirted and wide as wide can be, it has a belted Norfolk coat, and with the set and shape of the lapels the most exacting officer could find no fault.

The Wrap-Coat.

The importance of the wrap-coat must not be overlooked, and mothers just now exercise rather more care and discretion in making purchases than in more peaceful times. A typical coat for the coming autumn and winter has Raglan sleeves, and is delightfully roomy and comfortable. It has a tartan lining, out of compliment to our gallant Highland regiments, and the plaid breaks out again on the square

collar. Another coat which is here shown depends for its success on a whole regiment of buttons; they are mother-o'-pearl, and the coat itself is of home-spun.



"The latest and most luxurious 'get-up' of the nursery athlete."

officers who paraded our streets last autumn, and few will know their loss.

The Chromatic Toddler.

So far there has been no suggestion of a standard dress for toddlers. Economists may rail against extravagance and the thrifty extol the "useful" qualities of iron-grey serge. But neither economy nor thrift has any part in the toddler's scheme of things. His autumn wardrobe will be as varied and full of colour as ever, as original in cut and style as heretofore. If such frivolities as lace and frills go by the board, their absence is amply atoned for by the vivid tones of the embro-

Martial Tone in the Nursery.

But the war influence is not by any means confined to the clothes worn by men, women, and children. The nursery, especially the male inhabitants of it, has risen in revolt against plush suits, silk sashes, and long curls. The successful conduct of a bombardment and the command of an unlimited number of leaden cruiser squadrons is felt to be altogether incompatible with fancy mufti. Correct models of the uniform worn in his Majesty's Navy, not forgetting the overcoat, are called for and obtained, and there is a distinct falling-off in the ranks of the miniature generals and colonels and other



"It has a belted Norfolk coat, and with the set and shape of the lapels the most exacting officer could find no fault."



"The little jumper frock has an overdress of sponge-cloth."

deries and stitchings which enrich many of the clothes intended for his use. His garments are both brief and beautiful, as the accompanying drawings show. The little jumper frock has an overdress of sponge-cloth, with a skirt, which is really little more than a hem, of crêpe georgette peppered with motifs of Roumanian embroidery, and the same idea is carried out in a number of other colours. Breeches of black corduroy, blouses of silk, and round-about hats of beaver are other articles of attire designed for his especial use, while his sporting outfit has not been neglected. A diminutive coat of pure shot silk, a gnome-like cap to match, and a minute scarf complete the latest and most luxurious "get-up" of the nursery athlete. War or no war, it is very obvious that the importance of the coming generation is being generously, and wisely, recognised.

German Breaches of the Hague Convention.



XI.—A GROUSE-AS-USUAL OUTRAGE BY A GERMAN OFFICER

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.



A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

RANGE DIRECTIONS.

By W. DOUGLAS NEWTON.

EVEN Field Linesmen reach a point beyond which they cannot tinker about. The Engineer who was making the battery telephone sit up and talk arrived at this condition. He could do no more to the line save wreck it. He put his tools down, lifted the field-receiver, and passed his melancholy voice along the two miles of wire.

"'Ullo," he breathed. "'Ullo, 'owdje 'ear me?" The disembodied articulation the other end heard him serenely. Both voices tossed cabalistic formulæ over the wire. The Linesman stood up and saluted.

"Hobobservation Hofficer torkin', Sir. Line in good order, Sir."

He retired into oblivion. The Control Officer took up the receiver.

"That you, Bunny?" he asked. "How're things?"

"Hear you top-hole. Hear your moustache smiting the mouth-piece. Awful din."

The Control Officer, who had eight hairs arranged in double platoon above his teeth, blushed. He was a young man, like his moustache, grave, but not profound. He knew very well that somewhere about there was a retort which would bite like acid into the brain of Bunny. Wherever it was, however, the retort was not about him. He assumed an armour of dignity. He said magnificently, "The line is in excellent order—I can even hear your effort to be funny. What's your post like?"

"Bad sub-soil, unhealthy north-eastern aspect, but excellent and picturesque views. When your old things begin gunning, I shall be able to tell you to half a mile how far you're out. If you get within half a yard, I can do ditto. I am right on the infallible spot. Where have they dumped the battery?"

"Can you look this way?"

"Rather; I have an exclusive view of the universe."

"See a line of flea-bitten limes, behind a cornfield?"

"I do. So do the enemy. You'll get it hot."

"Not us," chuckled the Control. He was pleased that Bunny had been trapped. "That line of limes is where we aren't. The cornfield's us. We're dug in deep, and the golden thingummies wave above our heads in the summer zephyr. At least, above the battery's head. I'm on the knuckle to the right, with the 'old man.' We are 'look-see' officers."

"So," said the immaterial voice of Bunny. "Then you can see my slot, or its whereabouts. See the edge of the root-field, where the hedge has been burnt away? That's the fire-trench, and I'm in it with a few other blades."

The Control Officer examined the fire-trench with his glasses. It was scarcely more than a mark on the landscape. The slight mound that had held the hedge was all that showed. There were probably excavations there, but they were not apparent. The position was bound to be good, for the ground dropped gently but surely away on the farther side. The Control Officer examined the ground, and he was glad he was not on observation duty that day. He exhibited his feelings in a wisely tempered remark.

"A bit exposed, eh?"

"'Bit's' the right word," said Bunny. "But we're brainy and discreet. Don't think they'll spot me easily. Their planes have been nosing about over the second line, but they haven't even hesitated over us. I've a fine flower-bed on my back. Perhaps that's thrown them out."

The Colonel came over to the 'phone and spoke to the Control. Both consulted wrist-watches, looked at the sky, and nodded. The Control used the 'phone again.

"Ware work, Bunny," he said. "We're going to begin registering."

In a minute there came a snapping crash from amid the corn. The officer at the telephone could see the flash, because he could see the guns and the gunners working about them. But the tall corn still swayed in the breeze and gave no sign to the enemy, and to them the flash was smothered.

Far over the root-field, out of sight, there came back the clucking break of the shrapnel explosion, but the smoke did not lift into view for thirty seconds. Again a gun spoke. The shell burst nearer, still out of sight, but they could see the upward lick of pale vapour as the shell detonated. The smoke-cloud rose pear-shape into their view, and it looked pretty and delicate against the rich blue of the sky. But the officer was not looking at it. Bunny was crisp and busy at his end of the 'phone. He was dealing out figures and corrections in short sentences of hard-cut decision.

The officer repeated these details in a loud voice as they entered his ear, and the battery sergeant tossed them along to the guns through a megaphone. The gunners bustled alertly, and one gun went off, as though by accident, and the rest waited, horror-struck.

"Bull," said the voice of Bunny. "Right in the place shrapnel ought to go. Let 'em have it."

The guns, with a tremendous jolting and bumping, let them have it.

"I admire me," said Bunny's voice parenthetically. "I'm a damn good Observation Officer. When I talk you hit them every time. I'm the infallible IT."

The Control Officer grinned. But his grin was sympathetic. Bunny spoke the truth. He was a born gun-director. His gauging and corrections were most perfectly made. He had a genius for the job. He rarely made mistakes, and, thanks to his curious and highly developed skill, the battery held a place of pride in the Army for its gunnery. At a time like this, when good gunnery was vital (the enemy showed every symptom of attack), he was invaluable. The battery's only other emotion but pride in him was fear that his dangerous position might lead to his death and deprive them of his services. The Control said, grinning—

"Don't swell with pride, Bunny. You might burst and give your position away—and deprive the battery of your inestimable services, too. We couldn't survive that."

"Don't worry," said the imperturbable Bunny. "I shan't let the battery down—never. Not if I die."

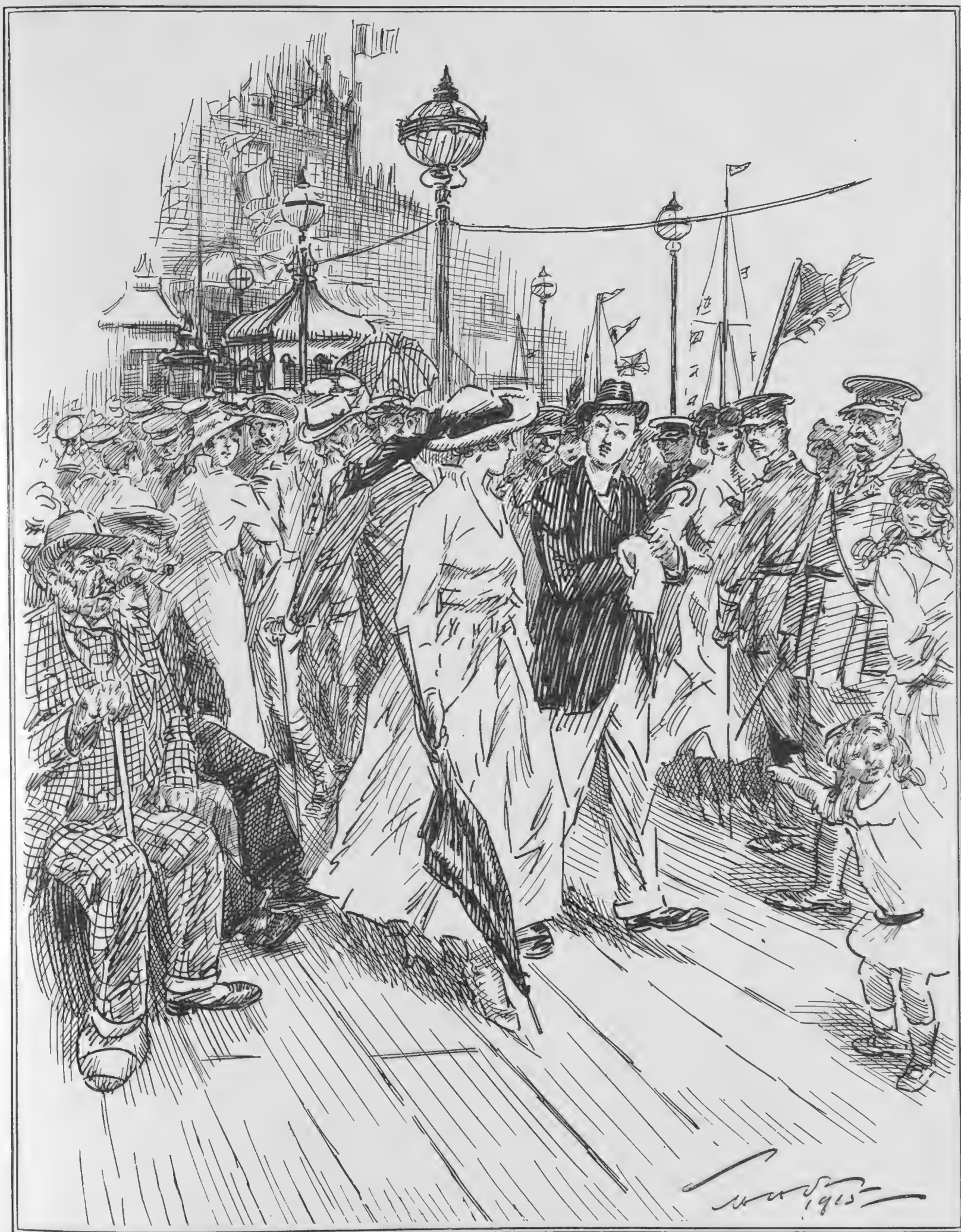
The Control giggled. That was just like Bunny.

The unseen battle developed furiously and unevenly. It was obvious that the enemy were trying to get forward by all the tricks. The corrections were numerous, and frequently rapid; and the front swayed and swelled, or altered, under the direction of the opposing Commander. Bunny, with his skilled certainty, was able to talk back many of the vicissitudes in arms, and so help to quench dangerous movement. It was actually his clear brain that was holding the foe in check on their section of the line. The enemy tried to break forward many times, but he swung his guns to meet the threat and checked it in his stride.

The enemy recognised this admirably, and felt about for him assiduously, as they also felt about for the guns. They were flicking bursts of shell against different portions of the front in the hope of squashing his activity. The 'planes, when they dared, were swinging over the lines searching for the Observation Post as well as the guns. Both were excellently hidden, and the guns ceased

[Continued overleaf.]

CIVIL ?



THE KHAKILESS (AND EVEN BADGELESS) YOUNG MAN: Have I got a smut, or something, on my face?

HIS FRIEND: No; why?

THE KHAKILESS YOUNG MAN: Well, then, what the dooce *are* people staring at?

DRAWN BY HOPE READ.

firing as long as there was the slightest chance of discovery. And all the time Bunny dealt out his infallible directions, and the guns dominated their front of battle.

It was a grave time, but the gunners were not anxious. It was obvious that the enemy had a big move up their sleeve, and would initiate it the moment they could squash the guns. Bunny could give them inklings of this, but not very much. The enemy were not taking risks, and their movements were well covered. Still, the threat was obviously there all the time, hanging up and waiting until it got its chance. Its chance would be the death or the failure of Bunny. The battery knew this, and the enemy seemed to sense it. It became, almost, a duel between Bunny and the brains and battalions and batteries of the enemy.

The Colonel was by the Control Officer, and both were exceedingly anxious. They were watching the impalpably marked observation trench with painful intensity. They were praying that it might not be found, though both felt that its immunity could not continue. It had lived unscathed through the day, but in the last half-hour the foe seemed to be realising its presence. There had been shell-bursts rather too close to be comfortable, and the fire had grown more persistent. The Colonel's anxiety, natural for the safety of Bunny, was increased by the condition of the fight. The battle was in a critical phase. If the Observation Officer was put out of action, the result might be a calamity.

The Control Officer was asking if Bunny thought himself safe.

"Bit warm," said Bunny laconically. The telephone seemed to bump and crash.

"Good Lord!" cried the Colonel. "Good Lord, they've got him!"

The Control looked up. There was a curdle of smoke on top of the thin line of the fire-trench. Even as he looked, the dust and—and the fragmentary things in the dust were in the air. The smoke and dust curled greasily and drooped.

"My Lord!" said the Colonel. "That poor little devil . . ."

The Control was shouting viciously into the receiver. Like an idiot, he expected an answer. He looked up with scared eyes.

"Heavens!" he gulped. "Heavens!"

The Colonel snarled at him. The man was a fool.

"It's cut—of course it's cut." He was almost weeping. Nothing could exist after that burst—man or 'phone.

"No, Sir; no, Sir; it's not that. It's Bunny—Bunny's calling us."

"You're quite mad!" snapped the Colonel.

"It's the big move—Bunny's found it." He began to spit out figures. The voice at the other end was limp and thin, but it was clear, and the directions were diamond hard. The sergeant took them into his brain, made to roar. Then he stopped. He looked at the settling cloud of dust and smoke, and thought that that might have something to do with it. He eyed the Colonel.

"Five, five, seven yards west of our direction, Sir," he said. He waited for reason.

"Yes, I heard," said the Colonel. He looked at the settling cloud also. He frowned and chewed his moustache. Then he nodded. The bull-throated sergeant delivered his gospel. The guns swung west. The lank muzzles lifted and dribbled flame. Somewhere slightly off the map of the battle—something—was receiving the full benefit of the battery's shrapnel fired at overtime pressure.

"Bull," said Bunny's limp voice over the 'phone. "Just where shrapnel ought to go. Let 'em have it."

The Control retailed the message. The Colonel said—

"I hope so—I hope so. But how does he see?"

The guns went on pumping out shell overtime. There was a big racket over to the west. They couldn't see it, but they could hear it. The Colonel was sweating a little, and wondering a lot. He sweated a little more when, in about ten minutes, the Division Commander sent his compliments, and asked the Colonel what he imagined he was shooting at. The Control passed the message along to Bunny.

"Tell the old owl to boil his head," said the thin voice at the other end of the wire. "You carry on—you're doing top-hole." He continued to give precise and careful directions of firing.

The racket in the west went on. There seemed a little more in it than shell-bursts now. At one time there was a vomit of explosion. A gust of an affair with a number of minor explosions attached. The Colonel thought he recognised small-arm ammunition blowing up. But he had gone past trusting his judgment by now.

It was about fifteen minutes after that the Corps Commander came along. He came along solemnly and slowly, and he looked at the Colonel queerly when he arrived. He was a tight, thick man with a great capacity for using his eyes, and he used them—on the entire scene. Then he said to the Colonel—

"Who's giving you ranges?" He said it politely, and the Colonel sweated anew. It was, he guessed, too polite. He gave Bunny's name—Lieutenant Bernard Stanislaw, of his own battery. And the General said "Humph," and was invincibly silent. The Colonel's soul crawled. He wondered how he was going to face the people at home, when the *Gazette* had done its unemotional worst. Bunny gave fresh directions, and a cheery word. The General was ominously silent. Chits were brought to him up the hill, and he read them, answered them softly sometimes, and stuffed them one by one in his breeches pocket. The battery pumped away heartily to the west.

Then Bunny said suddenly—

"They're guessing you're in the corn. 'Hook in' and get behind your flea-bitten limes—one time, please."

The Control gave the message. The Colonel cursed.

"How does he know?" he gulped. He saw the enormity of his present state of military crime increased by his taking his guns from good cover and stringing them behind bad cover. The limes had been swept on more than one occasion. "How can he know it?" he went on. "Ask him—"

The General spoke—

"Don't ask—do it."

The snout of the last gun was still rustling the corn when the enemy's shells began to quarter the field.

"Good," said the limp voice of Bunny. "And that's their last spasm. They're broke, my son—done in. Sound your bloomin' trumpets, the battle's done."

He gave more directions, but they were all of lengthening range. The attack had dwindled. The enemy was busy getting his troops to cover. The Colonel stood by the General and tried to plumb things out. He wasn't understanding how Bunny got hold of his facts. The General was eating the end of a Savory cigarette. He was looking stolidly towards the west. There was a lot of smoke towards the west. Things were still burning. The Colonel followed his gaze, and said apologetically—

"Bunny—that is, Lieutenant Stanislaw—gave me notice of a big movement over there. I hadn't the remotest idea—"

"Nor me," said the General tersely. "It was only when your shells made 'em break cover that an air feller spotted 'em. They were damn well covered."

The Colonel blinked.

"He's a smart boy, Stanislaw. But even with that I can't quite work out how he knew."

The General looked at him curiously.

"No," he said. Not a great platform speaker, the General.

"Not for a minute," admitted the Colonel. He would have admitted a lot more, but the Control was speaking.

"I say," the Control was crying, "I can't get Bunny at all. He cut off sharp, and I can't make him hear since. The line seems dead."

The Colonel started and took a step forward. His face was white with a sudden anxiety.

"That shell-burst two hours ago!" he exclaimed. "He was probably hit then. That plucky boy has been hanging on giving us the range all the time, and we haven't guessed him hurt. Where's my batman. I'm going forward. He may be in danger."

The General stopped him with a gesture.

"No use," he said softly. "Sorry." He had a chit in his hand, and he held it out to the Colonel. The Colonel took it and read it. It was from the infantry officer in command of the fire-trench. It was written in pencil, and it said—

"Report advance fire-trench—completely blown in by shell-burst. Of the holding force the only non-fatal casualties are a corporal, one man of my platoon, and myself. All of us hit, and on our way to dressing-station. Lieutenant Stanislaw, Observation Officer, 321 Battery Field Artillery, blown to pieces and instrument completely shattered by the burst. The trench so broken as to be entirely untenable."

The infantry officer's report was timed two hours previously. It had been written just after the Colonel had seen the shell burst over the trench—just after the Control Officer had heard the bump and crash at the other end of the wire.

THE END.

A Good Point for—
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WOMAN'S WAYS

THE LITERARY LOUNGER

The Lady
Laxtons.

In Mr. Wells' latest satire on human activities, 'Bealby,' there is a certain Lady Laxton who contrives to bring about the utmost discomfort and confusion with the best possible intentions. Her house-party falls about her ears, and the next day, the house itself, all owing to a small but deadly boy and her own emotions. Her brand-new ladyship, we are told by our author, was one of those women "living in an atmosphere of refinement that is almost colourless, secure and comfortable to the point of tedium, who find a real attraction and solace in the thought of the pain and stress, the wickedness and suffering of more normally situated people. The counterfoils of her cheque-books," declares Mr. Wells, "witnessed to her gratitude for these vicarious sensations." So, when Bealby is supposed to be lost in the secret passages of Shonts, Lady Laxton, in her delicious excitement, causes great fissures to be made in that noble pile, while towers quiver on their foundations. One cannot help making analogies. We have quite a superfluity of such women-folk, and to them the Great War has come as a means of further employment of their cheque-books. It is part of that "other side" of existence of which they have scant knowledge. In another year the attitude of our Laxtons will be different; nor will this generation ever be the same again. They will probably have taken active part in privations and known something of suffering. Some wonder if the "sheltered life" for women will not pass away, with other things—after the War.

Scotland in
War-Time.

It is difficult to alter the look of Scotland—even in the War—and except that you see no young men about, and sportsmen are elderly and short of breath, the purple mountains and rushing streams, the long, dappled valleys and the wide, cloud-laden skies betray no knowledge of sinister events in France or Gallipoli. By the sea, it is different. Grey, tossing waves, destroyers seen scuttling up and down the Channel, suggest fierce and secret animosities; but these moors and glens have an immemorial calm which nothing seems to disturb. Yet Scotland always gives of her best, and with lavish hands. In every church there is the pathetic and nobly tragic "Roll of Honour"; the script of all these young Donalds, and Hughs, and Alexanders who will never come back any more. It is the same in every castle, in every manse, in every crofter's cottage: a woman in black, or one waiting for news—knitting always.

Etiquette of the
Moors.

With the exception of Spain, there is more etiquette about this country of lochs and hills than anywhere else in Europe. There is the etiquette of getting wet, for instance, rather than unfurl the umbrella of the base Southron. Here, the elements may do their will with you; it is essential that you put a bold face on the matter, and, if needs must, come home heroically wet to the skin. Then, again, though the brisk, piercing air of the moors penetrates the drum of your ear and produces the most blood-curdling pain, it would not, I feel sure, be "good form" to place therein a wad of cotton-wool, such as I have seen ancient curlers do on the skating-rinks in the Winter Alps. Nor, if you would be dashing and modish, must you tie up your ears in a motor-veil; such proceedings would be voted "English," and you could never raise your head again among Highland lairds and ladies.

ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

Belgium in
Shadow.

There are a good many who will argue that, until actual history has been written, enough has been said in type of the conditions prevailing in Belgium during the earlier stages of the enemy occupation and, particularly, of the surrender of Brussels and of Antwerp. Louise Mack (that is, Mrs. Creed) has proved that this is not the case. Her book is remarkably good, and it sets up something of a record in that it is full of human touches while never for an instant sinking to the level of the cheap "heart-to-heart-talks" favoured by various journalistic "Aunts." Take an example. It was in Antwerp a short while before the Germans entered it. Mrs. Creed was in bed: "I heard a new sound, a strange sound, something so awful that I almost felt my hair creep with horror. It was a man crying in the room under mine. Through the blackness of the hour before dawn a cry came stealing: 'Mon fils! Mon fils!' . . . In the midnight, the veil is torn aside, and I see a human heart in extremis, writhing with agony, groaning as the wounded never groan, stricken, bleeding, prostrate, overwhelmed with the enormity of its sorrow. 'Mon fils! Mon fils!'" Then there is a scene after the bombardment, in a hospital in Antwerp. "Moving between the long line of soldiers' beds, I paused at the side of a little bomb-broken Belgian boy whose dark eyes opened suddenly to mine. . . . Seeing a face at his bedside, he thought, perhaps, that I was German. In a hoarse voice he gasped out, raising himself in terror: 'Je suis civil!' Poor child! The fright in his voice was heart-breaking. It said that if the *Alboches* took him for a *soldat*, they would shoot him, or carry him away into Germany. . . . I bent and kissed him. 'Je suis civil!' He was not more than six years old."

Spies in Antwerp.

Details of extraordinary interest are many. A curious little point, for instance, is noted among the Antwerp fortifications. In certain positions were large mirrors set on the ground that the defenders might see in them any aircraft that might be approaching their lines. There are some remarkable paragraphs also as to German spies in Antwerp.

When the enemy entered the city, Mrs. Creed noticed that in the Avenue de Commerce were people of the place who smiled upon the Germans. "Then," she writes ". . . I see a woman flinging flowers at an officer, who catches them and sticks them into his horse's bridle. . . . I see people gathering round the Germans as they come to a halt . . . I see people stroking the horses' heads, and old men and young men smiling and bowing, and a few minutes later, inside the restaurant of my hotel [she was disguised as a waitress], I witness those extraordinary communications between the Germans and their spies. I hear the clink of gold, and see the passing of the big German notes, and I watch the flushed faces of Antwerp men who are holding note-books over the tables to the German officers, and drinking beer with them. . . . Before very long I discovered that there must have been hundreds of people hiding away inside those silent houses waiting for the Germans to come in."—These extracts by way of introduction to a book which everyone should read—a book, of exceptional vividness and value, telling of that brave Life-in-Death which is Belgium, the stricken country which will rise up in glory.

* "A Woman's Experiences in the Great War." By Louise Mack (Mrs. Creed). (Fisher Unwin; 10s. 6d. net.)



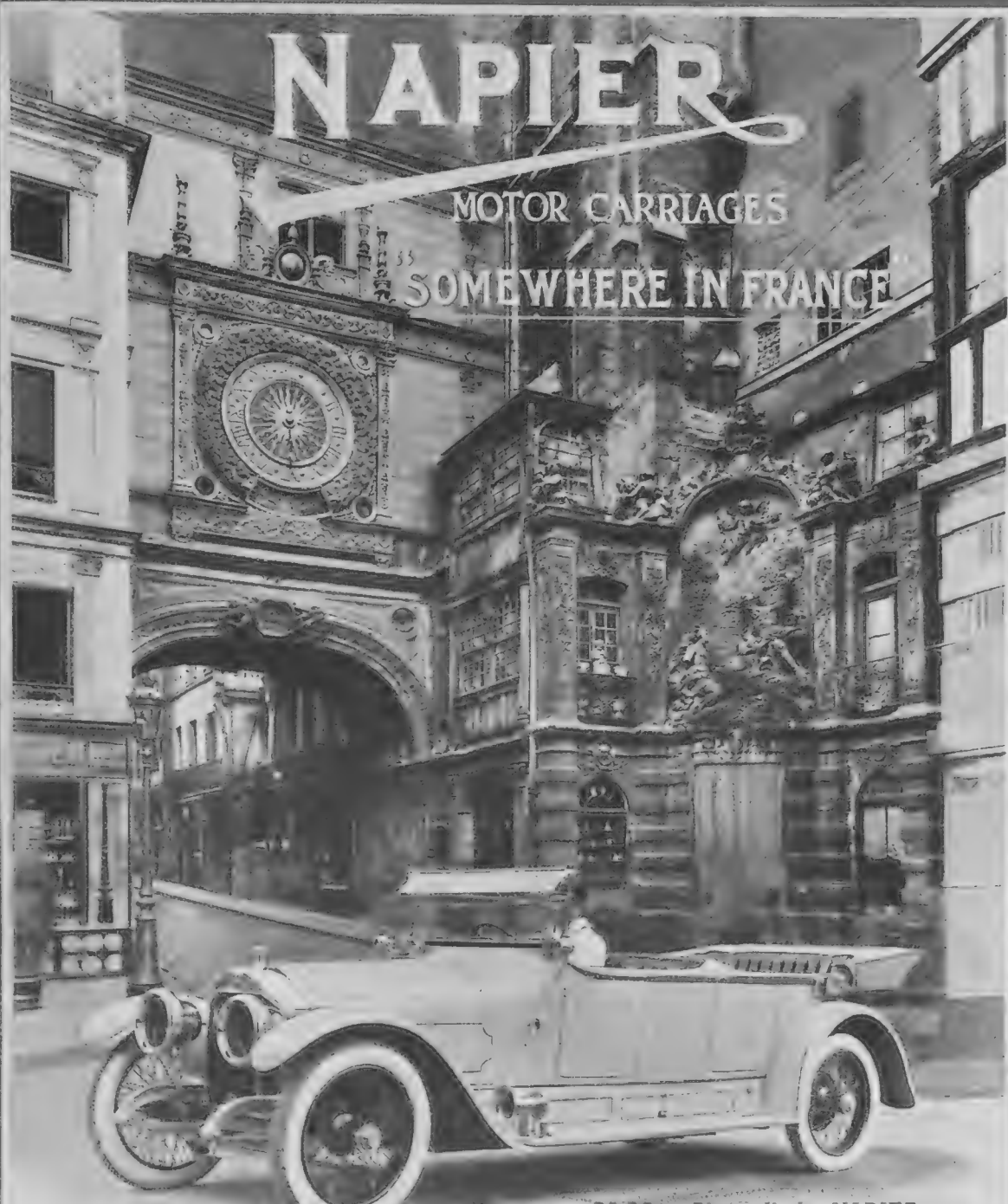
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Miss Sefton is the daughter of Dr. and
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Mrs. Malleeson is the wife of Brigadier-General Wilfred Malleeson, C.I.E. Her son, Midshipman Wilfred St. A. Malleeson, R.N., won the V.C. by great gallantry in connection with the landing from the "River Clyde." He completed the task begun by Midshipman Drewry, V.C.—[Photograph by Speaight.]




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THE WOMAN OUT OF TOWN

The Way to the Highlands.

The first part is easy enough; one goes to sleep in a sleeper somewhere near Rugby, and wakes up again at Blair Atholl; at least, that was my experience. From there to Inverness there seemed to be tented fields along the route, at which Kilties were in various stages of primitive, but apparently thorough, ablutions, at that early hour. There was an odour from camp kitchens that made one hungry as a hunter, the hills looked glorious, the burns brown and foaming, and the pine woods lovely and pungent. On to Inverness the journey was all beautiful, but a little tedious, owing to the clock of the inner woman being in advance of the other mechanical chronometer, and so we began to talk about the shortage of food in Germany! It was a different Inverness from any we had known before. Instead of a great bustle of arrival, we found things quiet, save for a number of neat, alert Naval men; no going off by car light-heartedly to shooting parties; going up rather to join ships or regiments.

On the Highland Railway.

Actually one joins the Highland Railway at Perth; but it is the L. and N.W.R. carriages drawn by two H.R. engines up and up to a height of nearly 1700 feet above sea-level at Dalnaspidal, where we shed an engine, and set out down-hill again. At Inverness, however, we get into another train—all H.R.—and a very nice train, too! A big contingent of sailor-men almost fill the third-class carriages, and, save ourselves, the occupants of the first are mostly naval officers. The sailor-men are going to join their ships, and are as gay as larks—if not vocally as harmonious. So to Dingwall, where we have a second engine for awhile and shed it; the one left to do the work sounds rather done up, and just after we have drawn out of lovely Invershin, with a mighty snap—which the boy porter later describes as "chust the deevil of a noise"—away goes the piston-rod, and there we sit at Invershin until another engine comes to the rescue—a matter of three hours later. We get out, go for a walk, the place is perfect; we have tea at an inn, and amply inspect the castle built by Mary Duchess of Sutherland, Mrs. Blair, and Lady Rollit—three ladies rolled into one Duchess; and so put in our three hours pleasantly enough; and, after being backed across the river to Culrain, and the derelict engine being deposited on a siding, off we went again for our further thirty-miles' run. In the distance we saw some of our great guardians of the sea; also some large and queer things on land painted so that they looked like the heather and the bracken and the pines; but they were the work of man's hand: what precisely they were, or where situated, it is best not to say; even Germans are, I believe, unable to resist temptation to read *The Sketch*, although it does not invariably improve their tempers!

A Scotch War Season.

All the inland places in the Highlands are full to their utmost capacity of people seeking health and change. But the seaside places, especially those on the East Coast, are not patronised. The big Station Hotel at Dornoch is closed to visitors, as it is requisitioned for Service purposes: this makes a great difference there, for it was always responsible for a large number of holiday folk—golfing, bathing, and motoring. The Duke and Duchess of Sutherland are

not in residence at Dunrobin Castle, but are, I am told, at Loch Choile, where there are good shooting, fishing, and stalking, which the Duke reserves for himself. The centre portion of the Castle looks black and desolate; but the whole building is, happily, little disfigured. The Duke and Duchess of Portland, the Marquess and Marchioness of Titchfield, and a party of friends are at Langwell, and, in the intervals of sport, motor down to Brora and play golf on the links. The lodges about are, as usual, occupied, but by smaller parties. The Earl and Countess of Darnley have Bal-nachoil, Mr. John Hall's lodge; Mrs. Milburn is at Uppat; and for the rest, the usual tenants are here, for almost all the lodges are on long lease, and many of them have fine residential buildings put up by the tenants. Birds in the district are scarce and wild, and salmon few and shy, owing to a drought lasting from April to well into July; even now, there is no rain to speak of, only a few showers, chiefly at night; the rivers are still low, and the salmon cannot get up. However, there is no grumbling. I believe grievances are put quite out of fashion by the war!

Clothes on the Moors and the Links.

Everything in the way of dress is very quiet and subdued. There is no freak hosiery to be seen: on the links, the neatest things in brown silk or cashmere to match the shoes; on the moors, some shade to go with the tweed mixture of the skirt is seen occasionally. I have seen woollen stockings knitted in black and white squares, but of the bizarre variety which threatened us so daringly, not a sample is to be seen in actual wear. The River girls and those at spas and seaside resorts may have adopted them for their novelty, not for their niceness; here the grouse and the caddies are spared such shocks!

An extraordinary amount of flying is being witnessed at the Hendon Aerodrome: last week, for instance, no fewer than ten biplanes of various types were seen in the air at one time. On the

Sunday afternoon over fifty flights were made between 2.30 p.m. and dusk, and nearly thirty passengers were carried. Fine flights were made by Messrs. Roche-Kelly and Prodger, instructors at the Beatty School; by Messrs. Manton, Winter, and Osipenko (the Russian pilot), of the Grahame-White School; by Messrs. Virgilio and Baumann, of the Ruffy-Baumann School; by Mr. J. L. Hall, of the Hall Flying School; and by Mr. Grahame-White, who flew

the giant 100-h.p. All-British Grahame-White five-seater. Flying displays and passenger flights will continue to be given every Thursday, Saturday, and Sunday afternoon, weather permitting, and soldiers and sailors (in uniform) are admitted free to all enclosures.

Nothing could be too marked in the way of public recognition of the fine work done by the Navies in the great war, and it is good to know that Queen Alexandra has given her patronage to, and is taking much interest in, the patriotic matinée and national demonstration which is to be held at the London Opera House, on Trafalgar Day, in honour of the Allied Navies. As Trafalgar Day is Oct. 21, there is ample time to make the demonstration a really big affair and one worthy of the object—to honour the Allied Navies, and, it may be presumed, to aid the funds of some charitable institutions in connection with those who "go down to the sea in ships." The success of the demonstration is assured in advance.



FOR THE BOUDOIR: NEGLIGÉES.

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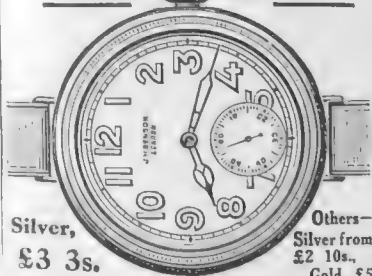
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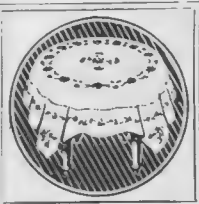


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STALLING—IN JEST AND EARNEST: THE CHERRIES JOKE: INGENIOUS APPLIANCES.

How to "Stall" a Car. When the famous retreat from Mons took place a large number of motor-lorries—though the fact may not be widely known—had perforce to be left behind. A question which naturally arose at the time, therefore, and was discussed for weeks afterwards, was how best to put a motor vehicle out of action in the speediest and most effectual way in order that, when captured by the enemy, it should be of no use to him. Many suggestions were made, from which it was apparent that there was no best method, but a choice of quite a number which were sufficiently effective. Since that wholesale disaster, however, the need for putting any of these methods into practice can only occasionally have arisen; but doubtless the drivers of the Motor Transport Section of the Army Service Corps have something up their sleeves and know what steps to take if the necessity should arise.

A Joker's Wiles. In the ordinary course of events at home the only people who have to consider how to "stall" a car are the R.A.C. examiners who set puzzles for candidates who aspire to obtain a mechanical efficiency certificate, and also the practical jokers who love to play tricks on their friends. A wag of my acquaintance is particularly adept at this sort of thing, and the way in which he took a rise out of a car-owner who prided himself upon his mechanical knowledge is so humorous as to be worth the telling. The humourist in question forced a cork into the exhaust-box, in the absence of the owner. When the latter came up and started the engine, he was preparing to move off when he noticed petrol running on to the ground, and, on opening the bonnet, he found that the carburetter was throwing up a stream of spirit to a great height, owing to the tremendous back-pressure from the exhaust. He himself, however, could only

driving away on his own car when the expert again appeared upon the scene, and to him the wag sang out: "Mind you remove that cork that I put in your exhaust-box." At once the expert realised how he had been befooled, and why the carburetter spurted its petrol so prodigally. He set to work, therefore, to find the cork, and proceeded to dismantle the silencer. Here, of course, he drew a blank, but came to the conclusion that the cork must have worked



WHAT WICKED WASTE! A HORRIBLE SIGHT FOR MOTORISTS—BURNING PETROL.

Our photograph, which was taken "somewhere in France," shows a barge laden with petrol that was accidentally set alight. Huge columns of smoke rose from the burning oil as it floated on the water.—[Photograph by Underwood and Underwood.]

its way along the exhaust-pipe. This, also, he removed, but still no cork was forthcoming. To cut a long story short, he continued to investigate backwards right up to the engine, and finally was under the necessity of opening the bonnet. *Tableau!* The pendent cherries told their own tale quickly enough, and the man's feelings can better be imagined than described when he realised how completely he had been "had" a second time.

Ingenious and Useful.

The shorting of the sparking-plugs by means of damp cherries in the ruthless manner above detailed recalls the fact that there are now ingenious devices on the market by which "shorts" can be effected in a legitimate manner for the purpose of testing the firing of the engine generally, as a matter of precaution, or of locating a faulty plug when the motor is obviously missing. The average mechanic takes out a screw-driver and places the blade across a terminal and a cylinder-head, so as to "earth" the current, meanwhile taking care, of course, to insulate himself by grasping the screw-driver by the wooden handle. The up-to-date method, however, is to clip or hang a few inches of brass chain on to a sparking-plug. The loose end drops on to the engine and so effects a "short." With a set of three of these little chains, which may be bought for a shilling, a four-cylinder motor can be tested within a couple of minutes, as it is only necessary to affix the chains to three of the plugs, listen to the firing of the remaining cylinder, and then test the other three cylinders in turn in like manner. Like a good many other things in connection with cars, these useful little appliances have come all too late. Sparking-plugs still need testing at times, but how much more so was the case in the earlier days of motoring! No plugs were satisfactory, and the ignition system generally was usually faulty, while lubrication of itself was liable to fail and so foul the plugs on that account alone.



A "SWALLOW" THAT SUGGESTS RATHER A STORMY PETREL: A RUSSIAN ARMoured-CAR AND THE MEN OF A SECTION.

The Russian armoured-cars have done good service in the war. That here seen is named "The Swallow." Grouped about it are the men of one of the Russian armoured-car sections.—[Photograph by Underwood and Underwood.]

see the effect, and set about to find the cause, but all in vain. For the time being, therefore, he gave it up as a bad job and retired from the scene.

A New Use for Cherries. The wag then reappeared and removed the cork, but thought he would try another test of the owner's mechanical abilities. He therefore opened the bonnet, affixed a brace of cherries to each of the four sparking-plugs, and then closed down the flap. He was



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A NEW NOVEL.

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BY FRANK DANBY.
(Cassell and Co.)

Let no one start on this new book of Frank Danby's without warning! There are nine coroner's inquests to face, and the reader who puts in for the latest Frank Danby without realising this is liable to a shock like that of the visitor to Paris who, noting the *midinettes* saunter through a building while they munched their luncheon sandwiches, followed, to find herself in the Morgue, faced by dead bodies in varying degrees of dishevelment. But, braced to the prospect of those nine dead bodies, several hours may be passed in enjoyment of much ingenuity. There is distinction, to begin with, in the framework which lends the nine cases a common structural basis. Mrs. Danby selects a whimsical poseur, an exquisite given to the paradox and the epigram—one Keightly Wilbur, "a cinematograph show of a man, coruscating fitfully and brilliantly." Keightly gave a party on board his houseboat at Windsor—an opium party, which was quite the fashionable thing in Paris just then; among his guests was a distinguished French dramatist, and a youthful musical-comedy singer who had "all the exotic charm of a super supper-cat." When the opium was in full swing the dramatist grew too persuasive in his wooing of the singer, who cried out. Whereupon the host coldly and deliberately flung him into the river, apologetically to the singer, and apparently thought no more of the matter. The coroner's court, which Keightly regarded as a theatre for his egotism, left the matter a mystery, "but there is no doubt that for a short time after the death of Pierre Lamotte Keightly Wilbur suffered from restlessness, a depression that took the form of an immense volubility and an inability to settle to regular work" (!). But what he did settle down to was a constant attendance upon inquests. Seeing how easy it had been in his own case to get off in such a court, he became profoundly suspicious of every verdict which failed to fasten the guilt somewhere. He exulted in recognising in himself what he took to be a *flair* for the clue to each untracked crime; and in discussing this talent with a friend he would frankly attribute it to the criminal possibilities which he had personally realised. It became, in fact, his hobby, and he rode it with dash and discretion. When the jury found that the popular physician's wife had died from misadventure, Keightly never rested till he had confirmed his guess at murder with a poisonous ointment; Keightly knew the suicide of the clever barrister to have been prompted by an unsound wife, not "mind," as the verdict ran. And when tragedy touched his own family circle with the strangling of a cousin's baby and suspicion of the father,

Keightly, in inimitable fashion, was able to transform the ominous air of the court into spasmodic gaiety by his denunciation of the real murderer—a Persian cat. It will be seen already that any ethical attitude towards such situations would be absurd. Much ingenuity, a little wit, and a few lapses from good taste make the stories behind the verdicts amusing enough. A millionaire with "a hand like a manicured mutton-chop" is a very happy touch.

THINGS NEW: AT THE THEATRES.

THE Comedy Theatre is making a gallant attack upon the music-halls on their own ground, and began the season last week with a complete revue and smoking all over the house; and, in order to satisfy the authorities that it would be safe to smoke, there were four short preliminary turns, which, with the orchestra and the revue, made a programme of the necessary six events. So you might have supposed yourself in a music-hall; which was, of course, the intention. "Shell Out" was a very bright revue, and contained much cleverness. Mr. Fred Emney was most entertaining in his characteristic studies of old women; and Mr. Tom Stuart gave "impressions" (the beery tenor, the rag-time coon man, and so on), besides appearing as various other things from time to time. Miss Unity More danced delightfully, and Miss Amy Augarde sang well; and scenes in a restaurant and outside a stage-door may be particularly recommended as just in the right spirit of clever nonsense. Mr. Larry Caballos, Mr. George Manton, Miss Louie Tinsley, Mr. Tom Shale, and Miss Hilda Bayley all gave valuable help, and kept everything going splendidly; and the chorus was all that could be wished in gorgeousness and beauty.

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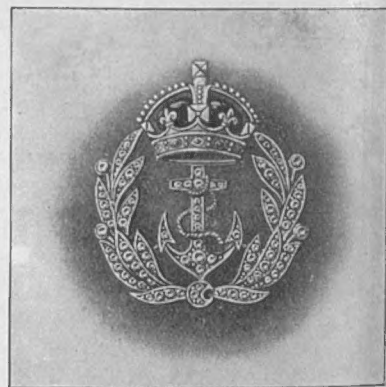
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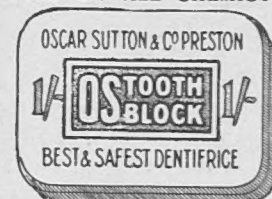
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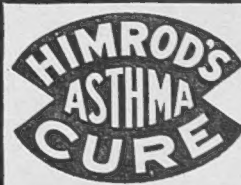


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